

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef

By Emile Bailey, of the Hotel St. Regis, New York

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THE strawberry certainly deserves its popularity, for no fruit is more delicious, provided it agrees with one. But that is the trouble—not everyone can eat strawberries, and to some they are absolutely poison, just as shellfish or peaches are to others.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to forecast whether the strawberry which tastes so good will turn out to be one's bitter enemy until one has eaten it and suffered the consequences. Then there is another curious circumstance: Some people who have always eaten the berries with impunity suddenly realize, for most unpleasant reasons, that their strawberry days are over.

The change which constantly occurs in the blood, the increase of certain chemicals, reacts on the acid of the strawberry, and this change can only be told from experience.

Personally, I think the wild strawberry is much more desirable than the cultivated member of the family, though of course the latter will always be popular because of its size, which is often quite imposing. But these mammoth berries, while they are good to look at, lack the perfume and the flavor of the small wild berry, which grows everywhere and of which the most delicious desserts, syrups and summer drinks are made.

Strawberries mason are made by steeping the berries in a syrup of Marshmallow after they have been hulled and then serving them in the center of a water ice flavored with mandarin.

Little Sausages and Rice.
Take a medium sized white onion, chop it up fine and brown it slightly in butter; add five ounces of rice, a pinch of salt, half a pinch of pepper, and moisten it with three-quarters of a pint of boiling stock or bouillon. Bring it to a boil, cover it, and then continue to cook gently. It is a mistake to wash rice in the usual way. One should put it in a piece of cheesecloth or flannel, pour water over it, and then spread the rice out on a white cloth or towel to drain.

Never stir the rice while it is cooking. The rice will be done when it has absorbed all of the fluid. Now add butter the size of an egg and mix it in the rice, using a silver fork. Place the rice in a serving dish. While cooking the rice, get ready 12 small sausages.

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RAGOUT OF LAMB WITH VEGETABLES.

(Prepared from the recipe accompanying this article.)

sages, roast them and place on the top of the rice. A brown, gravy can be served with this, and grated cheese can be added to the rice if desired.

Ragout of Lamb, With Vegetables.
(Four Serves.)

Take five pieces of lamb cut from the breast, about three inches long and three inches wide; five more pieces of

the same size should come from the shoulder or five small chops. Salt and pepper and put in a pan with hot grease, brown the meat to give it a nice color. Drain off the grease and add to it a soup-spoonful of flour; put it on the stove again to color the flour; moisten it with bouillon or water, add the meat and a bouquet of herbs and boil for a few minutes.

In the meantime, prepare some small onions, carrots and turnips; also potatoes. The turnips and potatoes should be touched with garlic, and turnips, carrots and onions should be plunged in boiling water and then cooked off to give them a nice color before cooking. Put these vegetables in the ragout when the meat is half cooked; the potatoes, however, should be cooked separately, and put on the dish just before serving.

When the meat and vegetables are about done, put the pan at the corner of the stove, so that the grease will come to the top. Stir the ragout carefully and put the ragout into a serving dish; arrange the potatoes and a few peas over the top.

LITTLE SAUSAGES WITH RICE.
(Prepared from the recipe accompanying this article.)

EIGHT-HOUR LAW PUZZLES MINERS

Morenci Band Has a New Home, With Many Conveniences.

Morenci, Ariz., June 6.—The new law, which prohibits employment more than eight hours out of any 24, has the miners guessing. If they come out of the mine before the whistle blows they are liable to be discharged. If they stay in the mine after the whistle blows they are liable to a \$50 fine.

According to the old times the weather is as hot now as it has been at any time during the past few years. The new home of the Morenci band is under construction on a site below the ball grounds. It is to be 26x35 feet in size and to be fitted up for the convenience of the band, with instruction room, instrument room and bath room.

Red McDougall and family have gone on a camping trip to Eagle creek. During Mr. McDougall's absence George Fraser is master mechanic of the Detroit-Copper company.

John Currow, superintendent of the A. C. mine, who was injured some three months ago by falling into a raise, has gone to the Pacific coast for several months to rest and recover his strength.

P. J. Randall and family have gone to the coast for the summer.

APPORTIONMENT OF SCHOOL FUND SLOW

Austin, Texas, June 6.—The monthly apportionment of the available school fund, which is usually made on the first of the month, will not be made for June until about the 10th, or probably later in the month, due to a lack of sufficient money to pay the bills of that fund. This coming apportionment will be on a 50 cents per capita basis.

The apportionment made for this school year was \$5.80 per capita, based on 991,466 school children in the state, and the department of education has already apportioned and paid out \$5.50 per capita, consequently there remains only 30 cents for each school child to be distributed. When this last apportionment is made, the state will have paid out of the available school fund the sum of \$5.80 per capita for the education of Texas children.

There are 24 counties in the state that receive or participate in the state apportionment, and 167 independent school districts.

You Can Do What a Good Many Others Are Doing

Getting Rid of Gray, Unhealthy, Faded Hair.

Because it's unbecoming, unnatural, makes you look old.

Thousands of men and women all over the United States are using the HAIR RESTORER to restore gray hair to its natural color and keep it from falling out.

It restores gray hair to its natural color and keeps it from falling out. It restores gray hair to its natural color and keeps it from falling out.

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CLAYTON WILL NOT HAVE CLEAR FIELD

Opposition Will Put a Man in the Field Against Him For Mayor.

Announcement of the fact that Walter S. Clayton would be a candidate for mayor on the organization ticket next spring has temporarily switched the interests from the county to the city political arena. Although the election does not occur until next May, the party has made to defeat the organization's candidate is being considered seriously and the fight which the anti-ring is making now to defeat the "ring" ticket for the county jobs will be continued for the spring election.

The opposition to Clayton, the opposition leaders say, is not a personal one, as he is well liked. But the cry will be to beat the "ring" and every effort will be made to defeat the organization's candidate for the city executive office.

No opposition candidates have yet been considered, as it is the desire of the opposition to wait until the "ring" has announced positively who its candidate will be. Then a strong man will be selected to poll the united opposition vote and with the support of an anti-ring organization, a citizens candidate is expected to be elected.

DAILY RECORD

Deaths Filed.
—Corner of Dakota and Federal streets. —Charlotte Vance and Charles E. Vance, 21, block 12, Highland Park, consideration, \$10; May 29, 1912.

—Corner of Santa Fe and Fourth streets. —Z. T. White, 20, block 10, Millington, consideration, \$10; May 29, 1912.

—Corner of Santa Fe and Fourth streets. —Lida R. Millspaugh, north-easterly 25 feet of lot 11, block 109, Campbell's addition, consideration, \$239; Sept. 16, 1907.

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TULAROSA COUNTRY NEEDS RAIN BADLY

badly needed in the Tularosa country. The grass is dying and stock is having difficulty in securing sufficient food on the range.

Judson H. Thurston and Mrs. Sidwell Fulton were married at Alamogordo, N. M., by Rev. E. W. Roberts at the church. They will make their home here.

Commissioner J. J. Sanders spent several days this week in Alamogordo. Mrs. T. E. Gunton and daughter, Marguerite, and Miss Bertha Eisenberg, who have been for a few days the guests of Mrs. J. J. Sanders and daughter, have left for their home in Alamogordo.

Miss Nannie Knight is on the sick list this week. Mrs. E. H. Simmons and Miss Laura Miller have left for Las Vegas to attend the summer normal. They will be gone two months.

Miss Blanche Anderson is here from Alamogordo as the guest of Mrs. J. M. Blazer.

Mrs. Everage is here from Alamogordo to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Hunter, for a week.

Mrs. Jim Holsen, infant grandchild is very sick with fever.

Miss Weaver is here from California, as the guest of Mrs. J. J. Sanders.

P. N. Stephens and L. N. Martin spent a day in Alamogordo purchasing a team and wagon.

Jennie Jones, the baby of Mr. and Mrs. Pate Jones, is still very sick.

Mr. M. Shilda is having his residence remodeled and improved.

Dan Harris is here from Bent on a visit to his wife and daughter, Nellie. Blanche Turner has returned to his ranch in the White sands.

Matt Gilmore is here from the San Andreas on route to his home at Redondo. While here he will visit his brother-in-law, Alvin Linam, and family.

Mrs. Dan Harris is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Coleman and three daughters have left for San Angelo, Tex., after a two weeks' visit here with mother and grandmother, Mrs. A. J. Sparks.

Misses Marguerite Reason and Nora Carr have returned home from George Elkins' ranch, four miles above Mesquite, after a visit with Mrs. George Elkins.

James Reason is at home from the San Andreas, where he went to buy cattle for the market.

Mrs. John Hunter is very sick this week.

Mrs. J. W. Prude has returned from Mesquite, where she has been away a week with her husband, J. W. Prude.

George Bent was in Tularosa. He made the trip in his auto.

Andy Wilson has returned home from Corona, where he went on a pleasure trip.

J. H. Jackson has left for the Goforth ranch to look over his cattle.

Frank Hubert has left for the Trinidad to visit with his son, Ennis Hubert, and family.

Married Life the Third Year

By Mabel Herbert Urner

THERE is nothing that so disconcerts the average New Yorker as to show an out of town visitor the sights of New York, and then find that the visitor is in no way impressed.

The stories of the great metropolis that drift to the little western towns are so exaggerated and highly colored that the visitor does come on he is disappointed. Because whatever he may see, he expected a great deal more.

And the New Yorker who proudly shows him about is both annoyed and baffled at his quiet acceptance of everything and his utter lack of enthusiasm.

In a way Helen had something of this experience when she took Mrs. Griffen to a matinee and tea a few days after she had called.

Mrs. Griffen's lack of enthusiasm was not because she had expected a great deal more, but only because she was so tactically listless and indifferent. Unquestionably she was homesick. Her heart was not in New York.

Helen soon discovered this, and her ready sympathy went out to the simple homeliving little woman who cared nothing for the luxurious hotel where her husband had chosen to stop, nor for the great shops at which his wealth enabled her to buy without limit.

Shopped But Once.
She said that she had been shopping only once for the crowded stores and variety of goods merely bewildered her. And Helen promised to go with her some afternoon.

"James wants me to get some clothes while I'm here, but I don't know what to get," she admitted, pathetically.

As they left the theater, and walked a couple of blocks to the fashionable restaurant where Helen had thought it would be interesting to have tea, she found that Mrs. Griffen was really timid about crossing the streets.

It was a most attractive room. The coldness of the pale green and white decorations was softened by the pink shaded lights and the vase of pink carnations on each table. It was the hour when "afternoon tea" was at its height, and the potpourri head waiters were finding it difficult to seat all the people.

An orchestra was playing merrily and the murmurous buzz of conversation mingled with the music.

While Helen ordered the tea and toasted muffins, Mrs. Griffen looked around the room, but there was little interest in her gaze.

"When do you expect to return?" asked Helen for want of something else to say.

"I had hoped we could start Tuesday," and then Mrs. Griffen said in her voice, "But now James says he will have to stay at least another week."

Bewildered by City.
Then Mrs. Griffen said to Helen, "I don't think I bewilderers me. I can't get used to the rush and noise. It seems to me that everyone has worked themselves up to a feverish pitch from everything and his utter lack of enthusiasm."

"No, I suppose New Yorkers never really relax," mused Helen. "When my mother was here she said it seemed to her that everyone had been delayed somehow and was hurrying to make up the lost time."

"Yes, that's how it impressed me. Perhaps if I were younger I could get into the spirit of things more, but now—there was a quiver in her voice: "Oh, I think I'm homesick."

"Oh, yes," James loves the excitement. And he is interested in everything. I suppose I ought to try to keep up with things more—just for his sake. But, somehow, I can't."

She hesitated a moment, and then went on as though yielding to the impulse to confide in someone.

"That's another reason why I'm so anxious to get back—because James seems farther away from me here. At home, while he has other interests, still we have the interest of the home together. But here we haven't anything. He doesn't tell me about the things he's doing here, because he knows I wouldn't understand. Oh, I wish now I hadn't always given all my time to the home and the children. If only I'd spent some of it keeping in touch with things."

"But can't you do that now?" asked Helen eagerly. "You have so much time and every opportunity."

Mrs. Griffen shook her head. "No, it's too late now. I couldn't if I tried. I haven't the incentive any more. And he's gone too far beyond me—I could never catch up. It's the money, sadly."

"If James hadn't made so much money, we'd be much nearer together now. It isn't his fault. He wanted me to go places and do things with him, but I was always too busy taking care of the house and the children. Now the children are grown up—and the house, well, we have so many wants now there isn't very much left for me to do."

Then suddenly realizing how much she had said, she flushed slightly.

"I don't know why I'm saying all this. I'm afraid it's being alone so much in that hotel that has made me morbid."

"But just here the waiter came up with the tea, and Helen was spared a reply. Then the conversation drifted on to something else."

Grows Apart.
But Helen had had a glimpse of the heartache of another woman. And she had a very different heartache from anything she had ever known.

There was a woman whom the world would not have called a fortune teller, and who was a loyal, kindly husband could give. And yet because she could not share her husband's interests, she stood still—she now felt pitifully helpless and alone.

Her husband had outgrown her. And for a woman there is no greater tragedy than this. Always it means a loss that an inevitable growing apart. As the man's interest broadens, the woman's seems to grow more narrow.

Under such circumstances a woman ages more quickly than a man, and when he lives a vigorous active life, and she an inactive growing apart. Helen was much more awkward. She will become an old woman while he is still in his prime, with his whole attitude towards life a youthful one.

A Tragedy.
And now as Helen sat opposite Mrs. Griffen she vaguely sensed this. She had seen it in Mrs. Griffen's face, and then for only a few moments, but it had been long enough for her to realize that in every way except in years she was much younger than his wife.

He had the air of the active man of affairs, while Mrs. Griffen looked across the table at the plain little woman in her simple black gown, and realized more than ever the tragedy that was in her life.

And as Helen always applied everything to herself, she now began a rigid self-criticism to wonder whether she was in the least danger of drifting into the same mistake.

Was she keeping up with Warren's interests as much as she might? Did she encourage him to talk over with her his work? She thought with alarm of the evenings that he buried himself in his papers and hardly spoke to her and how lately he had told her that was in her life.

When she left Mrs. Griffen at the entrance of the great hotel she walked slowly down the stairs, counting the steps in which she would interest herself anew in Warren's work, and in all the things that interested him.

Most she would not stand still while he progressed. Never would she let him outgrow her.

MEXICAN CAUSES TROUBLE IN HAYDEN BOARDING HOUSE

Hayden, Ariz., June 6.—Considerable excitement was stirred up at Hayden junction at the railroad camp, when a Mexican by the name of Magill Rillo caused a disturbance in the boarding house and proceeded to have things his own way until the arrival of the cook A. J. Jones from his home in St. Louis, where he was recently convicted of bigamy, fined \$5000 and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He was granted a parole on condition that he would not drink while in St. Louis, and never again marry until he had been legally divorced. He has already figured in three divorces, and it is said that he eloped with a St. Louis stenographer, now believed to be in hiding in New York, as soon as he was granted his parole.

WILLIE IT WAS.
A humorous instance of a misapprehension comes to us in a story of the late bishop William M. McKevick, of Rhode Island, who harbored a large soul in a body to match. He was a bachelor, whose sister kept house for him.

On one occasion he telephoned to his tailor that he wished to have a pair of trousers pressed, and the tailor sent a boy to his residence to get them.

The bishop's sister admitted the messenger, and called upstairs, "Willie, the boy has come for your trousers."

When her brother appeared, the youth's astonished gaze traversed the prelate's impressive "corporeity," then he murmured: "Geel! Is that Willie?"

Norah Chakavardi has left for new fields. Mr. Charavardi comes from India, in which country he was a prince, and was sent over to this country by the government of that place to study mining. He has been through all of South America and Mexico and is now studying methods in this country.

W. E. Webster has left for Ray for the purpose of appointing a new manager of the telephone department there to take the place of E. A. Nye,